

Facing Failure

by [Bonnie Thurston](#) in the [May 2024](#) issue

My crumbling castle
is perched on a hill.
Hidden from the road
by long ago planted
climbing roses,
I sit silent sentinel
on a rusty bench,
this time of year
looking down into
beds of pickup trucks
full of planks and plants,
repair for old things,
beginnings of new.

Nearby, a nesting wren
is flummoxed because
the small hole
in the bird house
won't accommodate
her lovingly carried long twig.
Repeated attempts
to make it fit fail.
Tiny avian wisdom
accepts unyielding reality.
Dropping her burden,
she perches on the fence,
and sings.